



Catastrophy



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Chapter 1 by Jody Cheng

The world has gone to shit. Death, disease, decay, and the sky is the wrong colour. The only thing that remains normal? Me. Unless it's the other way round.

Chapter 2 by Palmer Hendrix



The year is 2075 and until a couple of days ago everything had been fine... Then it came. In horrible waves of darkness it came and it came hard. And i'm the only one alive. Which posed the question, why me. Why would I be the one to survive on this now living hell. Hey maybe there were other survivors maybe so maybe not. It drives me insane not knowing anything.

Chapter 3 by JM



It wasn't like I was doing anything special when it happened. I was just sitting at home, watching a hockey game that hundreds of thousands of other people were also watching so I don't think that's what kept me safe. My parents were home. My sister. They're all dead now, too, so it couldn't have been that house was protected, either.

I was wearing jeans and a sweater. So were millions of other people. I had no shoes or socks on.

My phone was in my lap. Do you see what my problem is? There is nothing special about me.

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Except for the fact that I have survived when not only did I survive

I mentioned the sky earlier. It's a deep, blood red and the sun glows blue behind it. Once, I just sat on the ground and watched it move across the sky. It was only when I looked away that my

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eyes started to hurt. I haven't looked at the sun since.

Part of that has to do with me trying to search for survivors. Deep down, I know that if I survived, then the odds are that other people have, too. I just have to keep my nose to the ground. I just have to keep searching.

Chapter 4 by Kamo



Time is passing by. Hours, days and nights. Besides trying to comfort myself by the notion of possibilities of finding other survivors, I am starting to fear something - the unimaginable silence. It makes me more desperate to find any living creature.

Here I am, in front the great Olympic Stadium where just couples months ago thousands of people were cheering the football team. Although my heart is reluctant, my legs are walking inside. But why? Why am I scared of this place all of a sudden? According to my diary almost two weeks passed since the catastrophic incident. I know it, deep inside I am afraid that I can finally meet someone here. The turmoil in my heart warns me not to go further. Nevertheless, my legs keep moving. It is as if I am being dragged towards where melancholic music comes from. However I still hear nothing; Nothing but my heart beats.

Inside the facility there are adjacent halls connecting to one another in a row by single doors. After entering to the first one the gloomy atmosphere makes feel sick. Or it could be the stink. I continue towards the next room's door; I can feel the blood boiling in my veins because of the mixed emotions I am having - fear, excitement, worry. Cloudy memories of the nightmares I was having had one common element, this door and its round handle. Some of those memories recoiled like a flash when I was slowly moving my right hand towards that handle. My sweat almost obscures my eyes, and I wipe it away with my left arm. I feel dizzy.

Here it is, the moment of revelation after all those days, the creaking noise of the door and the lights of the room almost stuns me. The silhouettes of two people. For some reason, they are not total strangers to me. The young woman is definitely seems familiar. The other man is also

thing I remember

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Chapter 5 by Anne Marie

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The psychologist nods and scribbles something unreadable on his notepad. He straitens his glasses and clears his throat "so you're telling me you were the only one that survived an apocalypse, but actually there were two other people?". I shake my head "no, I said I THOUGHT that I was the only one that survived but actually I found two others. And you have to believe me, we don't have much time left."

The man just nods sarcastically, which technically means 'this guy is crazy'. Well, maybe I am. "And you survived for two weeks?". "Yes. I mean, it was supposed to be two weeks, but it felt like one day" I answer.

"Can you describe the physical appearance of the two other people?"

I nod "the woman was pretty tall, maybe five and a half feet and looked about twenty. The man was taller, maybe six feet two and looked about forty. They both had glasses... But I'm serious. The world is gonna end!"

The man stands up and shakes my hand, "that's all for today, make sure you come back tomorrow". "I'm telling you- " a security guard comes and takes me away from doctor Jacobs and brings onto the parking lot.

I get in my car and head home.

I hate everyone thinking I'm crazy. I'm not! Well, they'll figure it out soon enough. The apocalypse is tomorrow.

Chapter 6 by j c



The shorter of the two steps forward. It's a tall woman who looked around 20. "Hello Gabi. We were beginning to think you weren't coming?" My jaw drops. "How do you know my name?" The other person steps out of the shadow, a tall man, around 40. A sense of recognition surfs over me. "No need to be curious about that. Hello Gabi. My name is Steven O'Wannel, but you can call me Steven, and this here is..." "I can introduce myself Steven. My name is Anne Iscaneda. I understand you have a ton of questions. You probably thought that you were the only one alive. So did we." They both step closer to me and sit on the floor. I walk up to where they are sitting and I as well sit down on the floor.

We are all silent for a while. I'm staring at the both of them, and them back at me. Steven breaks

the silence "So, since we really have all the time in the world, what questions do you have?" My mind is suddenly blank of all the questions I had. I first laid eyes on them. Instead, I start crying. "Oh, I'm just like you. I'm just like you." Anne scoots closer and rubs my back. "You're not alone. You're not alone." I struggle to say in between the hard lump in my throat. "Oh, you're not alone. And neither are

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we!" Anne says excitedly. "What do you mean?" I finally stoppped crying. "Theres a whole lab back a couple miles east. filled with immune people like you and me." Steven explains. "Immune?" I wipe the tears off my face.

"You had Visions, correct?" Steven asks me. "Yeah." "And no one believed you when you told them about the red sky, and the blue sun, or meeting us?" "But how did you know?" Anne interupts. "Because we had those visons too, except we were meetin' you." She pushes her glasses higher, and pulls her long blond hair into a bun. "That's why you are immune." Steven pulls the attention back to him. "And we believe that you have one hundred percent immune blood. This all happend to you with out any tests. Us, on the other hand. We performed countless tests on a certain Freedoxyphosphate* carrying mosquito. The hardest thing was we only had two of the mosquitoes, and we had to create enough vaccine for our entire lab. But...." Anne interupts again. "Geez Steven, When do I get to explain some stuff to her? It was *my* vision that brought us to her." "That's true. Go ahead tell her about her immune blood, and dont forget to tell her about her alien ancestry."

*Pronounced Free-doxy-Phosphate

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